THE
CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

August/September 2012 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

Bread and Roses Strike

Editor's Note: As a Labor Day reminder of the importance of unions, we offer this article, which first appeared in the March/April 2008 issue of The American Postal Work Magazine. *A festival commemorating the "Bread and Roses" strike is held every Labor Day at Lawrence Heritage State Park. Visit www.breadandroses.net for more information.*

Early in the 20th century, fully half of the 80,000 people living in Lawrence, Massachusetts, labored in its textile industry.

The typical workplace was dimly lit, dangerously cramped with machinery, cold in the winter, and hot in the summer. Most of the workers were female immigrants younger than 18. In the factory, they were subject to all manner of ethnic slurs and sexual harassment.

Perhaps worst of all, the dirty and crowded mills were breeding grounds for tuberculosis. Elizabeth Shapleigh, a Lawrence physician, estimated that a third of the workers in the mills would die before they reached age 25.

The rewards were limited. Working as much as 60 hours a week, employees of American Woolen Goods, a conglomerate of three dozen mills in the area, earned less than $9 a week, and children as young as 14, the minimum legal age, went to work in the mills.

On January 1, 1912, a state law took effect that reduced the maximum workweek from 56 hours to 54. Ten days later, when Lawrence's textile workers opened their pay envelopes, most were dismayed to find what some had predicted: Their wages had been cut to reflect the shorter workweek, a 30-cent difference in take-home pay that would have paid for several loaves of bread.

Polish weavers at Everett Cotton Mills were the first to shut down their looms. They walked off the job and marched through the city's streets, shouting, "Short pay! Short pay!" Soon they were joined by 30,000 workers from the other mills, mostly women, chanting similar slogans in accented English, and in Polish, French, Italian, and other languages.

While the United Textile Workers, an AFL (American Federation of Labor) affiliate that represented mostly white, English-speaking skilled craftsmen, did little, a strike committee was quickly formed with the help of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), which had been active in the community for several years.

To keep the workers from being divided along ethnic lines, the IWW committee, led by Joseph Ettor, Arturo Giovannitti, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, recruited factory representatives from every background.

The workers came up with a simple list of demands: a 15% increase in wages, double pay for overtime work, and a promise of no retaliation against strikers.

Expecting resistance from the factory owners, the strikers formed relief commit-

(Continued on Page 6)

Costly War

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

A triple amputee. A soldier who lost part of his skull, his right eye, and both legs. These are just two of the wounded American soldiers featured in the article "Military Medicine from the Front Lines to the Home Front" (December 2006, *National Geographic*). During the US Civil War, even a single amputation was often a death sentence, whereas in today's wars, sophisticated medical care and protective body armor are reducing American combat deaths to all-time lows. In 1865 the ratio of dead soldiers to those wounded was one to three. The ratio today in Iraq and Afghanistan is one to thirteen. The total Americans killed in war has steadily declined from 670,846 in World War II, to 58,151 in Vietnam, to 4,977 in Iraq and Afghanistan.

In many ways, this is good news. Fewer deaths from any cause is positive, but, unfortunately, it is not the entire story. What happens to US soldiers during wartime can have dire political consequences for those in power, but what happens to soldiers when they are discharged has only sporadic political fallout. By 2010, almost three times as many Vietnam veterans committed suicide as were killed in combat, 90% were divorced, 65% had drug or alcohol abuse problems, a half a million had been incarcerated, 40% were unemployed, and 25% earned less than $7,000 a year.

Some might argue, "Those statistics are skewed by the unpopularity of the Vietnam War. If the troops had been treated like heroes, their post-war experience would be better."

Although it will take some time to sort out war's long-term effects on Iraq and Afghan veterans, we can already see that 40% experience difficulty adjusting to ci-

(Continued on Page 2)

Costly War

(Continued from Page 1)

vilian life, 12.7% are unemployed, 45% have filed disability claims, 47% report some post-traumatic stress, and one of them attempts suicide every 80 minutes, the highest rate in military history. This last statistic might be influenced by the high numbers of those severely injured who survived the war but must cope with their disabilities for life. The Associated Press reported on May 28, 2012 that of those who have sought Veterans' Administration care so far: more than 1,600 have lost one or more limbs, 156 are blind, 177,000 have hearing loss, and thousands are disfigured, "200 of them so badly that they may need face transplants." No amount of yellow ribbons, flags, or parades can compensate for these trials and injuries. It is also important to recognize that the negative effects of war on veterans tend to increase over the years rather than decrease. Unemployment, divorce, substance abuse, incarceration, and suicide rates usually go up, not down.

Although wounded soldiers are less politically costly than those who are killed, surviving comes at a very high economic cost. Some estimate that veterans' benefits could outstrip all government expenditures in the coming years. Unfortunately, this grim bottom line does not inspire bellicose politicians to eschew war, but to seek more efficient ways to kill. Every king or president, since the ancient Hyksos invented the chariot, have sought wonder weapons to massacre their enemies. From suits of armor, the long bow, the rifle, machine gun, land mine, tank, bomber, to the atomic bomb, the quest for military superiority has continued. Each time a more lethal device is invented, its proprietors bank on it remaining their exclusive property, but that never happens. A grad student in New Jersey was able to make a working plan for an atomic bomb. Exclusive posession of super weapons never lasts long.

The latest pretender to the title of miracle weapon is the predator drone, which has killed thousands without the loss of a single US soldier. New and improved warfare, carried out precisely and painlessly from a computer console, is being sold to the public. Of course, as with all weapons, we are being lied to about their costs and failure rates. Since 2004, in Pakistan alone, US drones have killed 2,873 people, all but 340 of them civilians. The Obama administration, in a shameless attempt to disguise casualties, has begun counting all males between 14 and 50 killed by drones as terrorists.

John F. Knott, 1918

But, despite the promises of US imperviousness, other nations are already developing drone technology. We will think very differently about these weapons when they begin killing Americans at work and play with the kind of regularity Pakistanis and Somalis now suffer.

Thankfully, from time to time, Americans tell the government that some weapons have to be shelved. The neutron bomb, napalm, the MX and anti-ballistic missiles, and chemical weapons have been abandoned, in large part, because thousands of Americans opposed them. When Secretary of State Henry Kissinger advised President Nixon to drop an atomic bomb on Hanoi, Nixon says in his memoirs that he refused because he feared widespread protests.

The myth of painless war must be exposed once and for all. The process of expending ever more precious human and natural resources to kill ever larger numbers of people is not only morally reprehensible, but also insane. It cannot achieve its promise of peace and security. While military deaths have declined in the last 50 years, civilian casualties have sky-rocketed. Democrats and Republicans have so much blood on their hands that it will take a contrite and nonviolent generation to wash them clean. Challenging both parties to abandon drone warfare, to completely disarm weapons of mass destruction, and to eschew war as a method of foreign policy, can make a difference. Such efforts might save future generations from the nightmares that veterans and all the victims of war are now enduring. Ω

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Hunger Strike for Dignity

by Claire Schaeffer-Duffy

After the December arrest, Khader Adnan, the baker from Araba village, refused to eat. As West Bank spokesperson for the Palestinian militant movement, Islamic Jihad, he had been imprisoned in Palestinian and Israeli jails alike, often for months at a time without charge or trial. The 3:00 A.M. raid on his home December 17th marked the eighth Israeli arrest for the 33-year-old father of two. So when soldiers hauled him away for yet another round of administrative detention, the popular maker of pita bread and *zaatar* launched a hunger strike.

The prison authorities responded with a ferocity common to harsh regimes when confronting the unpredictability of nonviolent resistance. Soldiers beat Adnan, ripped his beard, smeared his face with dirt from their shoes, and verbally abused his wife. When his family was finally permitted to see him on the 53rd day of the strike, they found him shackled to the bed. His clothes were dirty, his hair was falling out, and his body reeked of an unpleasant odor. "Why does he look like this?" asked his four-year-old daughter. He said he had chest pains, could feel himself fading away. Perhaps he might die, within hours or days.

But Adnan persevered for 66 days (the amount of time in which Irish hunger striker Bobby Sands finally succumbed) until Israeli authorities agreed to release him in April. It was not Adnan's first hunger strike but his longest. Its success sparked a nonviolent revolt in Israeli jails that helped expose one of the most toxic arrangements of the Occupation – the treatment of Palestinian prisoners.

Imprisonment is a fact of life in the Occupied Palestinian Territories. Forty percent of all West Bank males have spent time in Israeli jails or detention facilities and almost every family in the territories has had a father, son, or male relative carted off for confinement. Palestinian and Israeli human rights organizations report that the imprisoned are subjected to frequent torture, medical negligence, solitary confinement that can last for months and years, and administrative detention, being held without charge or trial for six-month renewable periods.

Introduced during the British Mandate, administrative detention is permissible under international law for times of public emergency. Under the Israeli Occupation, it has become much more than a security tool and is used arbitrarily to silence Palestinian organizers. The detained are held on the basis of "secret" evidence which neither they nor their lawyers have the opportunity to confront—"It is like fighting a ghost," said the director of the Palestinian Center for Human Rights — and the six months can be renewed for years. Of the 308 Palestinian prisoners currently held in administrative detention, 22 are members of the Palestinian Legislative Council who were duly elected in January 2006.

Graphic for Palestinian Prisioners' Day

After Palestinian militants kidnapped Israeli soldier Gilad Shalit in June of 2006, prison conditions worsened. Gazan inmates were denied family visits. The newly created "Shalit" law prohibited newspapers and limited access to educational material. These restrictions persisted even after Gilad, who endured five harrowing years of captivity, was released last October.

Fed up with the collective punishment and inspired by Adnan's achievement, 1,600 of the approximately 4,400 Palestinians currently incarcerated in Israeli jails launched an open-ended hunger strike on April 17th, Palestinian Prisoners Day. An additional 2,300 refused meals. The strikers called for an end to solitary confinement, collective punishment, and the denial of family visits and access to media and education. Within a week, 2,000 prisoners were participating in the Karameh (Dignity) Hunger Strike making it the largest prison protest in the Occupied Palestinian Territories since 2004.

Meanwhile, between ten and twenty Palestinian prisoners were waging open-ended hunger strikes against their indefinite detention. Two were fifty days into their protest. Among the long-termers was 30-year-old Hana Shalabi who was detained without charge for 25 months, freed during a prisoner exchange last October, then re-arrested in February and again subjected to administrative detention. A resident of the West Bank city of Jenin, Shalabi went 43 days without food before being released and exiled to Gaza for three years. Like Adnan, she inspired other hunger strikers.

The pushback from the Israeli Prison System (IPS) was predictably severe. Long-term strikers were whisked into solitary confinement. Prisoners' property was confiscated and there were reports that some fasters were denied salt, the one nutrient they were consuming. Human rights groups complained the IPS impeded independent doctors' and lawyers' access to the hungers strikers and was requiring a court petition for every visit. By early spring, Israeli Physicians for Human Rights had depleted their coffers representing the strikers.

Throughout the territories, support for the prison *intifada* (uprising) was immediate and widespread. The prison protest garnered international attention as well, thanks, in part, to frequent strike updates provided by the Palestinian prisoner support groups, Addameer and Samidoun.

Twenty-seven days after the strike began, the IPS and the prisoners' strike committee reached an Egyptian-mediated agreement. Its provisions seemed to favor most of the prisoners' demands: There

(Continued on Page 4)

Mark Your Calendars!

For more than 120 years, Catholic popes, bishops, and Church Councils have issued documents on the social and political challenges of their times, writing on topics such as economic justice, nuclear disarmament, and the right relationship between individuals, communities, and their governments. But these critiques, seldom preached from the pulpit, are unknown to many Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

Did you know, for example, that as early as 1967, a papal encyclical warned about the problems of multi-nationals, free trade, and the growing divide between rich and poor, or that way back in 1891, a pope advocated a living wage for workers?

This fall we are offering a series of **round-table discussions** on the rich and evolving tradition of Catholic social teaching.

Catholic Worker academics Michael Boover and Marc Tumeinski will give an introductory presentation for our program, which begins **Wednesday, September 12th and continues for the next five consecutive Wednesdays (7:00-9:00 P.M.)**. We will look at the major themes and principles of Catholic social teaching and their expression in social movements and the lives of the saints. There will be ample time for discussion following each presentation, and refreshments, of course. Come to one or all.

So if election rhetoric and the silence of many church leaders on social justice are getting you down, then join us in the upstairs kitchen of 52 Mason Street as we consider life-giving concepts like the common good, solidarity, subsidiarity, and the dignity of the human person. All are welcome. For updates, call: 508 753-3588. Ω

Hunger Strike

(Continued from Page 3)

would be no more long-term isolation for "security" reasons and the nineteen prisoners currently in solitary, some for ten years, would be released into general population; family visits would be reinstated and the "Shalit" restrictions revoked; no renewal of administration for the 308 prisoners currently detained unless their "secret" files contained serious revelations; release for five of the long-term strikers when their terms expired.

Early news accounts touted the agreement as a victory for the prisoners, but a July report by Israeli and Palestinian non-governmental organizations revealed the IPS has fulfilled only a few of its obligations and reneged on many others. Eighteen prisoners in solitary confinement were transferred to general population and three hunger strikers released, but other long-termers have had their detention warrants renewed, in violation of the agreement, and the policy of administration detention remains unexamined. A number of prisoners, including Samer Al-Barq, Hassan Safadi, and Akram Rikhawi have continued or resumed their hunger strike in protest of their unjust treatment. So this campaign is far from over.

Yet even now the achievements of the Hunger Strike for Dignity merit recognition. The April strike is Act II of a smaller strike that began last fall. Its second iteration has galvanized a remarkable solidarity network that has tirelessly highlighted the plight of individual prisoners, obtaining the release of some, and helped expose the intricate system of injustice in the Occupied Palestinian Territories.

The abuses of the IPS are not unique. Torture, prolonged solitary confinement, medical negligence, denial of access to education, and regulations designed to demean are all part of our prison system. In Guantanamo, we continue to detain 87 men who have been cleared for release. As we consider how to affirm the dignity of those incarcerated in our own jails, we can take inspiration from the campaign in Israel/Palestine. For more information: *www.addameer.org* or *www.phr.org*. Ω

Paul Giaimo
1962–2012

We were saddened to learn that Paul Giaimo died on June 8th, after a long battle with cancer. Only 50 years old when he died, Paul will always be remembered as a dear friend and important early member of the Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker community. Good-hearted and good-humored, Paul helped renovate our first house on Jaques Avenue and our current one on Mason Street. Paul played his guitar at house Masses and at parties. He was a dedicated peacemaker who joined us for weekly disarmament vigils and served 30 days in the Worcester County Jail, with Dan Ethier, Dan Sicken, and Scott Schaeffer-Duffy, for civil disobedience, as part of the successful campaign to stop the production of the MX nuclear missile. He wrote a terrifically funny article for our 1987 April Fool's issue entitled "Holy Cross Drops ROTC, Jesuits Sing the Blues."

He fell in love with and, in 1988, married Sarah Jeglosky, a gifted artist and founding member of our community. They moved to Freeport, Illinois, where Paul earned his masters and Ph.D. in English and then taught at Highland Community College. Sarah and Paul have two children, Clare and Michael. Paul wrote a book entitled, **Don DeLillo: The Moral Force of a Writer's Work**.

In its obituary, *The Freeport Journal-Standard* wrote, "Paul had a generous heart and expressed his deep faith through acts of charity. [...]The Catholic Worker philosophy of personalism and Gospel values guided him from the time he first learned of it at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts. [...]He was most content when surrounded by his large Italian family at the table, reminiscing. He had a deep devotion to the Blessed Mother, and carried a rosary at all times, often stopping at the Adoration Chapel of Saint Thomas on his way home from work[...]."

Contributions to fund the education of his children may be made to "Clare and Michael Giaimo", and directed to Gerald T. Giaimo, 627 Chapel Street, 2B, New Haven, CT 06511. Ω

White Flour

by David LaMotte

*The following is excerpted from the picture book **White Flour**, based on an event which ocurred on May 26, 2007. To order a copy, go to: whiteflourbook.com*

The day was bright and sunny as most May days tend to be
in the hills of Appalachia down in Knoxville, Tennessee.
A dozen men put on their suits and quickly took their places
in white robes and those tall and pointed hoods that hid their faces.

Their feet fell down in rhythm as they started their parade.
They raised their fists into the air, they bellowed and they brayed.
They loved to stir the people up, they loved when they were taunted.
They didn't mind the anger, it's exactly what they wanted.

As they came around the corner, sure enough the people roared,
but they couldn't quite believe their ears,
it seemed to be support!
Had Knoxville finally seen the light? Were people coming 'round?
The men thought for a moment that they'd found their kind of town.

But then they turned their eyes to where the cheering had its source.
As one their shoulders crumpled when they saw the mighty force.
The crowd had painted faces and some had tacky clothes.
Their hair and hats outrageous, each had a bright red nose.

The clowns had come in numbers to enjoy the grand parade.
They laughed and danced that other clowns had come to town that day.
And then the marchers shouted, and the clowns all strained to hear.
Each one tuned in intently with a hand cupped to an ear.

"White power!" screamed the marchers, and they raised their fisted hands.
The clowns leaned in and listened like they couldn't understand.
Then one held up his finger and helped all the others see

Aiden Duffy

the point of all this yelling, and they joined right in with glee.

"White flour!" the clowns shouted, and they reached inside their clothes.
They pulled out bags and tore them and huge clouds of powder rose.
They poured it on each other and they threw it in the air.
It got all over baggy clothes and multicolored hair.

Now all but just a few of them were joining in the jokes.
You could almost see the marchers turning red beneath white cloaks.
They wanted to look scary! They wanted to look tough!
One rushed right at the clowns in rage and was hauled away in cuffs.

But the others chanted louder, marching on around the bend.
The clowns all marched on too, of course, supporting their new friends.
"White power!" came the marchers' cry, they were not amused.

The clowns grew still and thoughtful—well, perhaps they'd been confused?

They huddled and consulted, this bright and silly crowd.
They listened quite intently, then one said
"I've got it now!"
"White flowers!" screamed the happy clown, and all the rest joined in.
The air was filled with flowers, and they laughed and danced again.

"Everyone loves flowers, and white's a pretty sort.
I can't think of a better cause for people to support!"
Green flower stems went flying like small arrows from bad archers.
White petals covered everything, including the mad marchers.

[...]"White Power!" came the mad refrain, quite carefully pronounced.
The clowns consulted once again,
then a woman clown announced,
"I've got it! I'm embarrassed that it took so long to see,
But what these marchers march for is a cause quite dear to me!"

"Wife power!" she exclaimed, and all the other clowns joined in.
They shook their heads and laughed at how erroneous they'd been.
The women clowns were hoisted up on shoulders of the others.
Some pulled on wedding dresses, chanting "Here's to wives and mothers!"

The men in robes were sullen, they knew they'd been defeated.
They yelled a few more times and then they finally retreated.
And when they'd gone, a kind policeman turned to all the clowns.
And offered them an escort through the center of the town.[...]

And what would be the lesson of that shiny southern day?
Can we understand the message that the clowns sought to convey?
Seems that when you're fighting hatred, hatred's not the thing to use!
So here's to those who march on in their big red floppy shoes. Ω

Bread & Roses

(Continued from Page 1)

tees to provide food and medical care to families left with no income. Meanwhile, the IWW raised funds for the strikers in New York and other major cities, as well as from IWW members in the textile workers' native lands.

Taking to the streets by the thousands, large groups of protesters would visit the city's stores, then leave without buying anything. This effectively disrupted businesses and demonstrated the importance of the strikers to the city's economy. During the daily marches, banner-carrying workers added singing, a novelty at the time.

No New England town had ever seen labor protests on the scale of the "Bread and Roses" strike, and the organizers correctly predicted that factory owners and municipal officials would react harshly.

To repress the workers, Lawrence's mayor ordered local militia to patrol the streets, and in the dead of winter factory-owned fire hoses were sprayed on picketers gathered near the mills. When workers responded by throwing ice and breaking some windows, three dozen strikers were arrested. The governor of Massachusetts sent state police and militia to Lawrence.

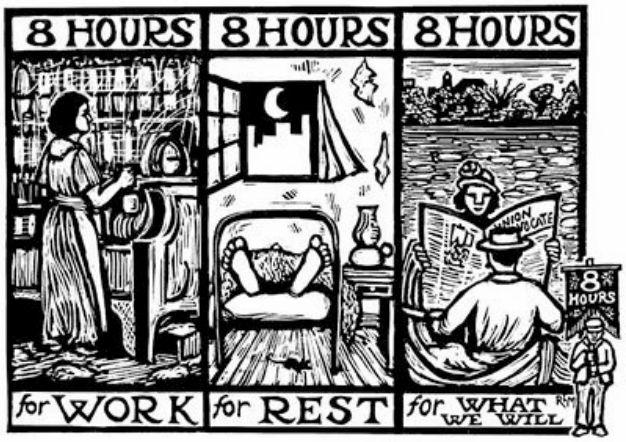
Encouraged by Flynn, the feminist firebrand, women showed they wouldn't be intimidated: They led the pickets and faced down the police and company thugs. After a fire-hose drenching, a group of women cornered a police officer on a bridge, stripped off his clothes, and tossed him into the icy river below.

"One policeman can handle 10 men," District Attorney Harry Atwell lamented, "while it takes 10 policemen to handle one woman." The women strikers were full of "lots of cunning and also lots of bad temper," a stunned boss complained.

In an attempt to portray strikers as anarchists, William Wood, the owner of the American Woolen Company, hired John Breen, a local undertaker and school board member, to plant dynamite in several locations. The move backfired when the IWW obtained evidence that newspaper articles about the dynamite had been printed before the dynamite was "discovered." (Breen eventually confessed and was released from jail after paying a fine. Wood was never charged.)

As press coverage spread, the factory owners and authorities feared that the assertive Bread and Roses women were gaining sympathy in the community and across the nation. In an effort to discredit the unionists, the company hired strike-breakers to infiltrate the picket lines.

The union was aware that company spies would try to cause trouble and, on January 29, more than two weeks into the strike, Ettor urged the workers to remain peaceful as they readied for their largest demonstrations yet. That evening, police cornered a group of marchers. Packed tightly together, some apparently pushed back, and the police advanced with their clubs. A shot rang out and, when the melee was over, Annie LoPizzo, a 34-year-old striker, was dead.



Witnesses claimed that the bullet was fired by a police officer, Oscar Benoit, but he and others insisted the shot was fired from behind them, by someone specifically targeting LoPizzo. IWW leaders Ettor and Giovannitti were arrested, even though they were at a union meeting miles away when the shooting occurred. The two were charged with provoking the violence and being "accessories to the murder." (They were held in jail for eight months before being acquitted at trial.)

City officials used the shooting as justification for declaring martial law and banned all public meetings. But the picketing continued, with striking families receiving $2 to $5 a week through donations from supporters around the country. "Relief was so efficiently handled," wrote labor historian Samuel Yellin, "that during the 10-week strike there was no wavering whatsoever in the strikers' ranks."

As the strike dragged on, the textile companies remained steadfast in their refusal to negotiate. To help the strikers, the IWW arranged for several hundred children to live with supporters in New York City while their mothers walked the picket lines. Then, in an incident that sparked nationwide outrage six weeks into the strike, city officials intercepted 100 children bound for Philadelphia. Police and state militia gathered at a railroad station, and were photographed clubbing women and children.

The press had likely been alerted by the IWW, and news stories prompted even more support for the strikers. Congress held hearings, with young women describing the deplorable conditions at the Lawrence factories, including having to pay for drinking water and perform unpaid work on Saturdays.

The national publicity helped break the employers' resolve. On March 1, they offered a 5% wage increase, which the workers rejected, and on March 12, the American Woolen Company agreed to all the strikers' demands. By the end of the month, the other factories in Lawrence followed suit, and, eager to avoid similar confrontations, many other New England factories raised workers' pay and shortened their workweek. Ω

On June 4, 1912, Massachustts passed the nations's first minimum wage law. The Commonwealth's 1912 Report of the Commission on Minimum Wage Boards said that whenever wages "**are less than the cost of living and the reasonable provision for maintaining the worker in health, the industry employing her is in receipt of the working energy of a human being at less than its cost, and to that extent is parasitic.**"

Today's federal minimum wage is $7.25. Massachusetts pays $8.00, but, according to MIT (see: http://living-wage.mit.edu/), the living wage for a single adult in Worcester is $9.83 and $18.26 for a single parent. When organized labor declines, the gap between a minimum and living wage grows.

Letters

Dear Scott,
A terrific article! ["Catholic Myopia"]

A couple of things you might find interesting (maybe you already know them, and left them out of the article because space was wanting, but just in case): 1) Orwell later recanted that famous statement of his, that pacifism was objectively pro-fascist — he criticized his use both of "fascist" and of "objectively." Most people who quote the phrase don't know, or don't want to know, about the recantation. 2) There's a really interesting study of Niebuhr by a peace historian named Leilah Danielson — she points out that by the end of his life, Niebuhr was advocating a pre-emptive nuclear strike on the Soviet Union.... (I could dig up the reference if you were interested.) 3) I'm guessing the 2011 study you quote is Erica Chenoweth's "Why Civil Resistance Works". Erica's a fascinating person, the more so because she didn't start out wanting to make a case for nonviolent resistance — she's a security specialist with an interest in terrorism, a hard-core number cruncher, and she was just curious about success rates. But then the evidence started to come in!

How was the Boston Marathon?

Prof. Larry Rosenwald
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Editor's Note: In this year's exceptionally hot Boston Marathon, Scott didn't drink enough water and became dehydrated. At ten miles, his muscles seized up and he struggled to finish in 4 hours and 55 minutes. However, on June 3rd he ran the Worcester Marathon and was pleased to finish in 3 hours and 32 minutes.

Hi Scott,
Here is a quote from Simone Weil's book **Gravity and Grace** that came to mind after reading your article:

"Whoever takes up the sword shall perish by the sword. And whoever does not take up the sword (or lets it go) shall perish on the cross."

I know Simone is "way out there" as my brother puts it, but I suppose I have that tendency as well!

I'm in the middle of reading a great book, based on a true story, of an ordinary working class couple in Nazi Germany who resisted the regime during the middle of the war by quietly distributing postcards all over Berlin denouncing Hitler. For two years, they baffled all the security forces. Finally they were caught, had a show trial in People's Court, and were executed by beheading. It's by Hans Fallada called **Every Man Dies Alone**. ...He paints a very vivid picture of the climate of fear that gripped all of the German people at the time. Resistance was very small and, of course, secret. Being caught meant torture and death.

Pacifists, especially in the western world, rarely know first-hand what the cost of resisting deeply embedded evil really is. Of course Jesus did. And He paid the price. How many of us are ready to surrender not just our material and psychological comforts, but our very lives? The fruit of his extreme love was the resurrection. Father Charlie McCarthy always preaches that Christians need not worry about their survival because their survival is guaranteed, that is the resurrection. For how many of us is that sufficient? Are we not preoccupied with survival on this side of the grave?

Here are some things that both pacifists and militarists often fail to consider. Pacifism requires more, not less, courage than taking up the sword. Pacifism cannot be deemed simply a strategy to lessen violence because, in the short and medium term, it may very well not. If one deems it a strategy, one may very well change one's mind, because the evildoer may prevail and "get away" with his violence. He may be totally unconverted. But, from the point of view of eternity, from the point of view of salvation (both personal and global), from the point of view of conquering evil and death, then pacifism—that is nonviolent suffering love—is the only way. Jesus clearly showed us that. He lived and died it. And the proof is the resurrection. Ultimately, violence only adds to the problem and increases the suffering. But for how many of us is our primary concern... trying to survive, minimize suffering, and maximize pleasure for us and our loved ones?...

Paul del Junco

Catholic Worker Calendar

The Works of Mercy by Rita Corbin

August 6 — Hiroshima Day Vigil: Please join us in a call for nuclear disarmament on the 57th anniversary of the first atomic bombing in Japan. Noon-1P.M. In Worcester City Hall.

August 13 & 27 September 10 & 24 — Mass: Please join us in Eucharistic prayer and song, especially on August 13, the 25th anniversary of our community on Mason Street. 7:30 P.M., 52 Mason Street. Refreshments to follow.

September 12, 19, and 26 — Round Table Discussion on Catholic Social Teaching. 7:00-9:00 P.M., 52 Mason Street. Refreshments to follow.

September 14 — Vigil for the Removal of ROTC: Please join us on the Feast of the Triumph of the Cross at the main entrance to Holy Cross College's Dinand Library for our annual vigil opposing military training. Noon-1 P.M., followed by reflection and refreshments at 52 Mason Street.

For more information, call: 508 753-3588

Mason Street Musings

"You are evil!" S. shouted only an hour after he called us "good people." In truth, I can't really blame him. He has a bad temper, especially when he's drinking, but he's otherwise a decent person. He came by looking for specific help, which Claire agreed to give to him. While the details were being worked out, he talked at me, effectively slowing down my work on a garden shed behind our house. When I started losing patience, I thought, "S. is Jesus," but that was a pretty big stretch under the hot sun. Then he told me that he had been writing letters to Jesus. I couldn't resist asking, "Have you gotten any letters back yet?" Ignoring me, he went on to disparage his family and to praise the Catholic Worker. "They live in a house, but *this* is a home," he repeated several times. I feared this was a prelude to a request to move in with us for what must be his ninth or tenth time in twenty years.

A phone call pulled me away, and then, early dinner preparations kept us apart a bit longer. By the time I returned, S. had taken off his shoes, one sock, and his shirt, and then gone into the upstairs kitchen to fill his water bottle with ice. Thinking of our 18-year-old female guest, I told S., "You know you can't come in the house half naked." He looked at me like I was crazy and protested that it was "wicked hot!" By this time, Claire had a plan to take S. to see a nurse to treat his ailing leg. Like me, she had many other things to do, so she prodded him to put on his clothes and get into the car. When he griped that we shouldn't hurry him, I foolishly said, "S., nobody wants to call someone to get you to move along." Before I finished speaking, I remembered Saint Paul's words, "**Jesus ... did not counter with threats**," but it was too late.

Sarah Jeglosky. 1987

S. flew off the handle shouting, "Are you threatening to call the police?! Are you out of your mind? You are f--ing evil!" He stormed off in a rage.

Claire asked me later on, "Do you think we're losing our compassion?" I hope not. Maybe I have to write an apologetic letter to S. and to Jesus. It's not an excuse, but the pace of hospitality this summer has been almost overwhelming. Claire and I have had nary an uninterrupted hour. Dave copes by getting up before 5 A.M. to snatch a bit of quiet. We also have been deluged with unexpected expenses, far beyond our income. At present, we are almost $2,000 in debt and will sink $1,200 deeper in the red to print and mail this newsletter. Although, we are nowhere near as poor as too many people are in Worcester, every additional expense wears on us. And we still have only a fraction of what we need to rewire the house, something we are told is crucial to prevent an electrical fire.

But then, John, one of our former guests, who is holding down a good job, came by, during the heat wave, to work on the shed. His carpentry skills, combined with our guest Derek's expertise, helped complete the project much more professionally than I could have by myself.

Our garden is in full bloom, our children and guests are happy and well-fed. We even have fresh strawberries for tonight's desert! There's much to be grateful for. Maybe we are getting letters from Jesus after all. Thank you for all you do to help us be compassionate. You make it easier for us to be good. Ω

Scott

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